

Letters From Antarctica by Gryvon

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Summary: John tries to contact Hellboy during the events of The Golden Army.

Letters From Antarctica

From: John T. Myers

To: Big Red

Subject: Hello from Antarctica!

I know you're the one that got me transferred down here. I talked to Liz and I get it. You're jealous. Liz and I were (and are) only friends, though, so you have nothing to worry about. I left very specific instructions with your new handler, but if you feel he's not doing a good enough job, let me or Manning know and it will be handled. I still care about you, big guy. :)

Did you know the Thing was real? Like, the Thing from that movie with the researchers and the dog? You could have at least warned me! It's like some newbie hazing thing down here—watch the fresh meat get freaked out by the Thing-dog. I'd been hanging around that dog for a week before I knew.

I LET IT SLEEP IN MY BED!

IT STILL SLEEPS IN MY BED! I can't make it go away now.

Like, Johnson and Quarles were snickering when I went to pet it, and everyone kept smiling at me my first day like they were waiting for me to sit on a whoopee cushion or something. That's what it does—Barkley, I named the fucking thing, don't even start with me on how fucked up that is but it didn't have a name—it plays friendly for a few hours and then goes all monster form and freaks the new guy out.

Only it didn't. At all. For a week.

People were STARING and I was just wandering around with this monster in dog form AND THEY LET ME. I would probably still be in the dark, but it followed me out on my rounds and this fucking Woolly Mammoth comes out of nowhere—THERE ARE WOOLLY MAMMOTHS IN ANTARCTICA! I HAVE YET TO SEE A PENGUIN!—and Barkley just busts out this gaping maw full of a million teeth and eats the thing. Whole.

I almost PEED MYSELF.

And the dog-Thing won't go away. It likes me, according to Commander Nuna.

Hope things are well there. Barkley picture attached.

John

From: John T. Myers
To: Big Red
Subject: Tooth fairies!?

Hey. Guess you're busy. Maybe my last email got caught in spam? The ones I sent to Liz and Abe seemed to go through okay. You're all over the news, Red! Bet you're loving the attention! Have you been invited to any talk shows?

Abe sent me pictures of the tooth fairies. I couldn't believe those things were real. And so vicious! Man, I'm glad I wasn't there for that. I sent my condolences to the families of the lost agents, but I guess postal mail will take a while to get there. Should I send flowers? I feel like I should send flowers. You know, something that will get there sooner—maybe in time for the funeral?

Yeah. Well, if you can think of something, let me know. I've got a lot of free time down here and very little to spend my paycheck on. Speaking of, I got a promotion! With a raise! The details of the position were never really spelled out to me, but I think it's got something to do with how Barkley follows me EVERYWHERE now. Like, seriously, guy won't leave me alone. It's become a thing. He whines when I close the door to pee. Is it weird if you let a monster posing as a dog watch you shower? I mentioned that at lunch the other day and the whole table got really pale and refused to talk to me for two days.

Oh! Big news! We've re-established contact with the Padu people down here. According to Commander Nuna, they normally avoid the BRPD and are ghosts to anyone else on the continent. I was talking to Lily Cartwright—she's an anthropologist and a bit of an empath too—

and the current speculation is that the Padu are descendants of the same civilization that built the ruins of Gunung Padang over near Bandung in Indonesia. Do you have any idea how old that civilization is? And how incredible it is to find descendants? I was invited into their nearest village, Onran, and the structure and layout completely match depictions of—...you probably don't care about any of this do you? I've been emailing with Abe about it if you're curious. I won't bore you with further details.

Anyways, take care of yourselves up there. Lily says there's lilac in the wind, which I guess means something big's supposed to happen soon? I don't know. Just stay safe, okay? Nuna says I can apply for leave in a couple months and I'd like you guys to still be alive when I come visit.

I finally saw penguins! Well, penguin. Poor guy was lost but we got him pointed in the right direction. I attached a pic.

John

From: John T. Myers

To: Big Red

Subject: What is with the giant tree? Email me back!

Your fight with that giant tree thing is all over the news. They keep playing it over and over on the TVs in the lunch room and it just makes me wish I was back there with you guys. What the hell is going on? No one's giving me any details. Are you even getting these? Email me back so I know you're still alive.

Please?

Don't make me hop the first plane back there with Barkley!

John

From: John T. Myers

To: Big Red

Subject: Shouting into the void

I heard you quit. All of you. I'm sorry to see you go. Maybe you still have access to this email? Maybe you don't. Either way, I think you're going to make a really great father. Congratulations. I'll miss you.

From: Hellboy
To: John T. Myers
Subject: Re: Hello from Antarctica!

Hey, kid. Guess I was kinda a jerk ignoring you for so long. At least that's what Liz says and she's standing over my shoulder right now so... yeah.

I can't tell you where we are right now, but we're safe. Abe's with us and this ghost guy named Johann Kraus. He's from the Washington office. Doubt you've met him. Bit of a stick in the mud. I'd say something else about him but Liz will just hit me and getting her riled up is bad for the babies.

Twins. Wow. Can you believe it? I'm going to be a father.

Feel bad about Nuala dying. Abe was really into her. That prick Nuada can go to Hell. Well, some other Hell that I'm not descended from, at least. Not sorry about him.

Umm. Yeah. I'm out of things to say. Liz just wanted you to know that we're still alive and that she wants to write more but we're still doing the whole middle finger to the BRPD thing and you are the BRPD soooo...

Yeah. Bye.

Hellboy & Liz
(and Abe & Johann)

From: John T. Myers
To: Hellboy
Subject: Re: Hello from Antarctica!

So remember how I mentioned the Padu? Apparently they've got this big Apocalypse prophecy that they've been preparing for for

centuries. Like, seriously, this thing is big. And it's going down soon... maybe? We still haven't worked out a great translation system. But, um, this thing is big. Like, end of the world big. Bigger than the Golden Army and tentacles from another dimension appearing in the sky. Big big.

They kind of put out this call, I guess. Something about heroes of the centuries. Now there's a bunch of really cool people who are supposed to be dead but aren't. Like Nuada and Nuala. Surprise? Nuada's not that bad, I guess. He's just really... intense. He was one of the first reincarnates so he's been around for a while. Apparently he hates me least out of all the agents down here – his words, not mine, though I'm paraphrasing because he used a lot more colorful language – so he's kind of been hanging around with me, I guess. It's weird. Him and Barkley have a thing. Like, sometimes I catch them staring at each other like they're gonna start fighting, but that has yet to happen.

At least Nuada doesn't watch me shower? That's something, right?

Um, I guess, to make a long story short, don't worry about that whole hiding thing because I'm kind of quitting too, I guess? Sort of? Nuna says it's more of an emissary kind of role. I'm no longer a BRPD agent but they're still paying me so best of both worlds, I guess?

Anyway, I just wanted to give you a heads up. Hopefully you check your email soon cause... um... we're coming to you? The Padu have this thing and... I can explain the technical in person. I'm pretty sure Abe's the only one who cares.

Sit tight. See you soon. We're coming to you.

John
(and Nuada and Barkley)